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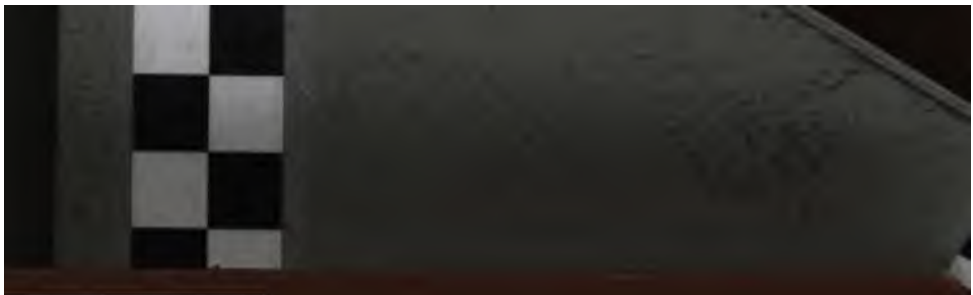

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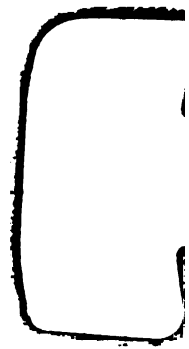

MARICAN

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH

MARICAN

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

HENRY INGLIS

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MARICAN

I

THE ESCAPE

'Tis night, and the night is still in her prime;
The glittering Cross of a Southern clime—
The sky-clock—tells the hours
To dwellers in a land that is not mine,—
Where cloud and ocean thro' the darkness shine,
And laughing lustrous bowers

Of clustered stars in constellations bloom,
Distinct and distant flung
Like beacon-lamps upon a sea of gloom,
Or diamond crescents hung
At intervals in some sultana's hair;—
So sparkling are the gems, so deep the blackness there.[1]

Masses of vapour of glorious hue—
Orange, and violet, and azure-blue—
Float over on the sight,
Then drift on the distant breezes that play
On the shores where Earth's limits fade away,—
Amongst the shades of night.
All above tells of beauty and gladness;
Music we cannot hear,
Harmonies that know no sadness,
Echo from sphere to sphere,
Until they blend around th' Eternal Throne —
Hosannas of far worlds to us unknown![2]

The perfumed breeze of the land is dying,
And a warlike ship asleep is lying
Upon a sleeping sea;
And an armèd launch astern lies towing
In the tide-way up the river flowing
With calm rapidity.
The morning saw the galley full of life,
Manned by a fearless crew
As ever trod the ruddy deck of strife
Upon the ocean blue:
The breeze of evening bore their parting breath—
And night's dun shadows met the shades of death.

Nobly they fought, and in a noble cause:
Such valour for historic land and laws
Had earned immortal fame.
But the Indian rover may fight or flee,
May die by the sword or the gallows-tree—
He dies the death of shame.

Relentless were the iron men that slew,
And cast them in the wave;
And the sea-birds screamed, as they circling flew—
Wild requiem for the brave!
And the galley swung, all harmless and still,
In the frigate's wake, by the dark Guayaquil.

The breeze has died away; a red torch-light
Burns in the calm tranquillity, as bright,
The flame as straight and tall
Streaming aloft into obscurity,
As if enshrined beneath a canopy
In some funereal hall.
And see! within the blazing circle's glare
A group of figures three,
Of whom a manacled and bleeding pair
Are leaning helplessly
Against the mounting of a long dark gun,
Which had been stoutly served, and dearly won.

Their comrade is a watchman of the deep,
Weary with combat—now he combats sleep :
To slumber is to die.
Silent sometimes he walks, and sometimes sings,
Wishing at heart that the dull hours had wings,
So tardily they fly.
His consciousness at best a waking dream
Of struggles won and lost :
Knife, boarding-pike, and cutlass round him gleam ;
He hears the war-cry,—and the dismal scream
Of wretch in waters tossed ;
And ever as he rests on taffrail or on shroud,
His heavy eyelids close against the battle-cloud.

The captain and mate of the pirate crew,
Bound to the gun, were the only two
Saved from the shot and steel ;
Not that their persevering courage quailed,
That hearts of mercy stayed the hands that failed
Their destinies to seal,

But that their cup of sorrow was not full ;
And so they were denied
To plunge at once in Lethe's healing pool,
To die as others died.
Theirs were to be the trial and the doom,
The dreary path of shame to a dishonoured tomb.

Some crimes exist in human statute-book
On which the just Omnipotent doth look
In pity more than wrath.
The struggles of a nation to be free,
If honest, in whatever guise they be,
E'en though the devious path
Wind through a dreary maze misunderstood
By pampered harnessed lords,
God pardoneth, and in His book of blood
He righteously records
Each deed of darkness of the erring brave
Against the tyrant, not against the slave.

They that are destined for a death of shame
Are Indian chiefs of Araucanian fame ;
Their crime is Liberty :
To-morrow's sun will see them fetter'd stand
Before the captains of the Chilian land,
A land but hardly free :
Strange that in others man is slow to see
The rights he calls his own,
That all the suffered wrongs of tyranny
Should not awake one tone
Of sympathy for brothers in the faith,
That slavery abjures, and welcomes death.

But its disciples must be firm and true ;
None other but their holy creed in view,
Untainted by the lust
Of power unhallowed, glittering gold or stone ;
Their swords must be their country's, not their own,
Free from pollution's rust :

Their hope must be in Heaven, and in that cause
God justifies to man :
Then let the waverer in such purpose pause,
And well his meaning scan :
The glory that girds Freedom through all time,
Blending her errors in the blaze sublime,
Shall never gild the iron mask of crime.

The caitiff murderer on shore or sea
Who prostitutes the name of Liberty,
Let him dishonoured die :
But show the law in law's most laboured tome,
That drives the Indian from his forest-home,
The crystal waters by :
Proclaim that law—and then in welcome rear
For him the gallows-tree,
The felon's fate shall never have the tear
Accorded to the free :
Proclaim that law !—in vain, there's no reply ;
Sons of the soil ! sin on, ye need not fear to die.

The torch is still on the galley burning,
The sentinel still is slowly turning,
The captives still are bound:
'Twere hard to tell whether they die or live,
Or watch, or sleep;—their limbs no motion give,
Their lips no sound:
They mark not the fantastic fire-works glow
Around the topmast's height,
Illuminating the grim warlike show
With gleams of magic light;
Nor the flashing wake that the sea-birds make
As they cleave the breast of the ocean-lake.

They reck not of the wondrous things that dwell
In the coral caverns of Ocean's swell,
With life and light that teem;
Their banded circles in the depths below,
Like silver moons through the sea-mirror glow,—
So pure and pale their beam:

They reck not of the sheeted lightning's play,
Far-flashing, that unseals
Sky, earth, and ocean in its spectral ray,
And fitfully reveals [3]
The image of the corpse, all carved in stone,
Folded in monkish shroud upon the waters lone. [4]

The torch still burns—but the sentinel sleeps :
Alas, for the heart that watches and weeps
For him in distant home !
Her tears may flow on, but her watch is vain ;
His cruise is over ; to her arms again
Ne'er shall her sailor come.
A few short hours will see the scaffold rise
Above the grisly gun ;
The wretch, with fettered limbs and bandaged eyes,
Earth's hopes and sorrows done—
And ere the smoke of cannon clears away,
The pulses of a heart have ceased to play.

The boatswain and his mates the hatchway round,
The whistle's shrill admonitory sound ;
" Bury the dead, ahoy :"
Captain and crew, uncovered in the waist,
The hammock of the dead on gangway placed,
The priest's farewell convoy ;—
The tilted planking, and the plunge below
Of the tar's shotted shroud,
The bird that cometh—whence they do not know—
White as a sunlit cloud,
Bearing the seaman's spirit far away
To haven undisturbed, in calm unruffled bay.

Farewell, unconscious dreamer !—May it be,
That rest untroubled, through eternity,
Awaits thy wearied soul !
Farewell !—May courage cheer thee on thy way !
With thee and with thy woes we cannot stay,
Although so nigh the goal ;

Because we hear across the silent sea
A rippling in the tide ;
The midnight ocean-breeze it cannot be—
'Tis on the landward side ;
And the quick Indian ear has caught the sound,
For the warriors raise their heads and gaze around.

Nearer it comes, and nearer ; soft and slow,
And measured is the sound ; above—below—
Around—all else is still :
Hark ! the chief murmurs—" Brother, brave and good,
There cometh some bold swimmer through the flood
From out the Guayaquil :
Perchance the God of Evil is o'erthrown
In air, and fled away,
And that Arauco's god hath sent a son
Our destiny to stay :
If it be so, I thank my country's god ;
If not, we tread the path which our forefathers trod."

Nearer it comes and nearer ; till at last,
When it seemed distant but a cable's cast
From where they lay—
When the sad pair were straining ear and eye
To catch the sound, and pierce obscurity—
Sudden it died away.
Again, awhile—just when awoke despair,
And hope was gone—
Through the dark shadows and the balmy air,
There came a tone
Sweet as soft music,—" Marican, art here ?
Ulmen of Encol, thy Green-Bush is near !" [5]

Another moment, and there flitted o'er
The galley's deck, still slippery with gore,
This Naiad of the sea ;
Noiseless, as though she trod on fairy ground,
Was her swift step ; another moment found
The captives free.

There was no time to lose : there came a call,
The herald of a flash—
The musket's sharp report and ringing ball—
The oarsmen's hasty dash :
Wild tumult roars, and angry voices rave,
But the Indian leaves no footsteps in the forest or the wave.

II

THE SWIM BY NIGHT

THERE are who doubt Omnipotence above ;
There are who disbelieve in woman's love ;
For such let Christians pray.
Consistent sceptics well may doubt of both,
Since He hath shed o'er woman's love and troth
His superhuman ray.
Though fashioned from the rib of man she was,
And first her God defied,
And doomed thro' Time's existence, for that cause,
To sorrows multiplied ;
For her endurance here, her sin's forgiven—
Purged of man's dross, she's more akin to heaven!

A life of trial, suffering, and sorrow,
A gleam of hope to-day that's gone to-morrow;—
Forgiving ever
Neglect and insult, injury and crime,
Trusting in treachery, loyal through all time,
Deceiving never:
Loving but once, and that for evermore,
Watchful by night and day
O'er her heart's treasure, though that heart be sore,
That treasure stolen away:
Such is her life and faith; and in her love
Good men believe, as in a God above.

Man steels his courage to one daring deed;
In life he reaps a grateful country's meed,
In death a hero's name;
Man by a single act becomes sublime;
Thenceforward he may wallow in the slime
Of luxury and shame:

A thousand follies, and a thousand sins,
Neglect of every vow,
To him who once the palm of glory wins,
The sons of men allow :
But woman's life-long purity and faith
Stir not of their applause the faintest breath.

We here discourse of Woman as a race,
The mate of man in this his dwelling-place,
Where'er his mansions spread :
We speak not of the foul and fiendish class
Of scandal-mongers, with their tongues of brass,
And with their hearts of lead ;
Female in naught but outward form and garb,
Dealers in poisoned fears,
In damning doubts that wrap the rankling barb,
The gangrene that adheres—
Changing the holy and the undefiled
Into a wilderness of woe and chaos wild.

What of the human tigress shall we say,
Who lures her drunken idiotic prey
With hellish leer?
Entwines the dagger in a wreath of smiles,
And drugs the wine-cup with her wanton wiles?
While angels hear
The stealthy foot-fall of the assassin's tread;
And angels see
The crimson current dye the guilty bed,—
The damned three
Drenched in an overwhelming midnight flood
Of lust and murder, treachery and blood.

Alas! the chronicles of crime reveal,
That fallen woman learns her heart to steel:
They also tell
Sad tales of broken vows and honour reft,
Of God and love, of home and parents left,
What time she fell.

Once of her priceless jewel, virtue, shorn,
She scorns the rest :
The mother slays the infant she has borne
Within her breast ;
No trace of tenderness she cares to save,
No chaplet will she hang on virtue's grave.

Woman ! through every age and every clime,
Glorious in virtue, terrible in crime ;
When the dark history
Of sin shall open at the day of doom,
And the clear light of truth shall pierce the gloom
Of doubt and mystery
Obscuring human deeds—the darkest stains
That blot thy page
Shall pale, when just Omniscience explains
Each harrowing stage :
Affection gained, and confidence betrayed,
Hopeless despair, and love that ling'ring staid,
And ruthless mandates given, unmurm'ringly obeyed.

Then, peerless Woman, thou that sitt'st enshrined
In purity and beauty, bear in mind,
Whene'er the woes
And sins of thy lost sister claim thy care,
In purity with thee she could compare,
Before her foes,
Man and the devil, robbed her of her all:
Have mercy then,
Gather grave wisdom from thy sister's fall,
And ever, when
The path of love from honour shall divide,
Arise and spurn the serpent from thy side.

Rarely thy noble loving is repaid
By him, in fondest fancy thou hast made
An image to adore:
Rarely; yet, for the honour of his kind,
Man's sterner virtues sometimes are combined
With what adorns them more.

Such is the man who, with his brother brave,
Breasts the flood-tide,
Drifting securely on the rapid wave ;
And by his side,
Glowing her grateful heart with joy and pride,
Close to her rescued lover swims his bride.

The chieftain's dwelling had one fire alone—[6]
The chieftain's heart responded to one tone—
The voice of his beloved :
No other voice could breathe the magic words—
No other hands could modulate the chords,
Their lightest touches moved.
Reason and love had banded them together
To forge a chain,
No changeful action of life's wintry weather
Could rend in twain ;
And, like the aloe's fabled blossoming,
The Indian's heart could know no second spring.

In vain for him the Araucanian maids
Danced to the drum beneath their forest-glades ;
In vain their fingers wove
The garment of bright hue and texture rare ;
In vain the braided brightness of their hair,
The darted glance of love,
The sunny bosom through the tunic swelling,
The twining arms,
And rounded forms of grace and rapture telling :
They and their charms,
And the old customs of his land, were vain,
To break one rivet of his golden chain.

Lovers and friends ! theirs was a lifelong love,
Alike within the lonely Indian grove,
Fringing the glassy lake,
Where leaves and flowers and birds and sun and sky,
Of glorious hue and golden radiance, vie
A paradise to make ;

Alike amidst the tropic's strifes and storms—
The dread earthquake—
The fell tornado, and the thousand forms
Its dangers take—
The fierce onslaught by night or early morn,
Where carnage leads, and pity lies forlorn. [7]

Arauco's tribes had met in solemn state,
To hold grave council and deliberate;
Because their ancient foes
Of Chili had revolted against Spain:
To them, or Spaniard or Republican
Was but a choice of woes;
It was for them to help, on either side,
Their persecutors' fall.
In this unconquered land there still abide
Traditions of Imperial,
Of Villarica's sack, and Tolten's flood,
Where the red man was slaughtered in cold blood. [8]

Arauco's battle-axe was girded round
With branches of the cinnamon, and bound
To leading-staff of Spain : [9]
Symbol of treaty made but to be broken
Oft-times before its perishable token ;
Yet is it, in the main,
As good as the elaborate detail
Of stipulations
Entangled in the intricate and stale
Canons of nations :
The Indian cuts the knot that cannot bind,
The statesman seeks the case he cannot find ;
Nations in arms laugh treaties to the wind.

Heading a crew of lawless buccaneers—
Devoid of nation, principles, and fears—
The warlike Marican
Made patriot Chili tremble to her core ;
Sacked were her cities, and, from source to shore,
With blood her rivers ran.

While seaward, on the broad Pacific's breast,
The Esmeralda lay,
Floating majestic in deceitful rest;
Her threatening array
Of cannon in the sunlight grimly sleeping,
With swarthy sentinels the watches keeping.

The Spanish Esmeralda watched the sea
For what might seaward come, or seaward flee:
The rovers swept the shore.
And more enduring than the watch of war—
Constant and loyal—wakeful as a star—
The frigate bore
One on her deck that kept the watch of love:
All others sleep;
But woman here below, and saints above,
Such vigils keep.
By noon and night, without a murmuring word,
The Green Bush of Arauco watched her lord.

But Cochrane like a king of ocean came,
And Chilian navies floated at his name;
The hero who compelled
Time, tide, and circumstance, and man to bend:
Genius and valour bringing to an end
The strategies of eld.
The fated Esmeralda bore away
Up the broad river;
The buccaneers were slaughtered in the bay,
Surrendering never;
And the two leaders Cochrane would have hung
Next morning from his yards, ere noon had rung.

Glory to woman's love, that burst their chains,
And for the freedom of Arauco's plains
Preserved them still!
Legions of fireflies light the wat'ry way,
Disclosing in their flashing fitful ray
The isles of Guayaquil —

Where the white stork sits by the rushing stream,
And the mangroves grow ;
Where golden branches of banana gleam
In the water's flow ;
Where the huge tamarind majestic towers,
And waves the cocoa-palm its leaves like feather-flowers.

Glance ever and anon the silver rings
Circling the woman's fingers, as she flings
Back in the stream
Her braided tresses ; and the bead-strings bright
Around her neck flash in the spangled light,
Like glow-worm's gleam.
The lamps of the white city line the shore ;
The balsas ply
With blazing torch on board, and busy oar ;
And tap'ring high
The Esmeralda rears her masts in air,
The crown and stripes of Spain still ling'ring there.

III

THE ENCAMPMENT

'Tis early morn ; and yet the lower earth
Lies gloomy as a long-neglected hearth—
Silent and still :
The rovers of the night, on foot and wing,
Have ceased their harsh and dismal chorusing
By glade and hill :
The signs and scents of the fast-coming morn
Herald the light,
And grisly denizens of darkness warn
To hasty flight—
The cobra to his cave, the panther to his den,
The wild dog to the waste, the screamer to the fen.

There is defined against the eastern sky,
Near and distinct, a cloudy panoply,
Solemn and clear,—
Pity it is that such a glorious show
Of airy mountain and eternal snow
Should disappear!
So think we, while the lofty sky-line grows
Clearer and clearer still,
Until, at last, the gathering azure shows
In mound and pinnacle;
And, clad in mantle of unfathomed snows,
The Andes resting in unknown repose.

The sun o'ertops the Andes, and his glance
Lightens the inconceivable expanse
With dazzling fire.
And hark! the frozen wilderness on high
Acknowledgeth the monarch of the sky
As kings desire:

Iceberg and avalanche, asunder riven,
Salute the sun
In thunder which reverberates to heaven ;
While clouds of dun
And seething mist upon the valleys lie—
The fitting smoke of such artillery !

Athwart the Cordillera's glittering mass
Bright changing hues in quick succession pass—
Gold, rose, and amethyst ;
And here and there, down in the valleys low,
The capitals of palms and cedars show
Above the woolly mist.
Up floats the fleecy veil, and, for a while
Dims the bright lamp of day,
Until it rests upon the topmost pile
In canopy of grey :—
Then is withdrawn the curtain of the night,
And all is joyous life and sunny light !

A wide green forest-walk, bespangled o'er
With globes of dew, slopes from the grassy shore
Of a stream lost in shade :
Mimosa and tall fern, in fringes deep,
On either side a due observance keep
Between the glade
And the great trees ; and form a tangled screen
For partridge red and grey,
For ground-dove, and for thrush and finch unseen,
But loud in happy lay,—
A melody that wondrously agrees
With the sweet odours wafted from the trees.

And glorious trees are they—the tropic pine
Which, in its shape and vastness, doth incline
To ancient pyramid ;
The naked palm, with its long leafy plume
O'ershadowing in circles like a dome
The clusters 'neath it hid ;

Red and white cedar, and wild cinnamon, tower
Gigantic there ;
And the Espino, with deep yellow flower
Of fragrance rare ;
While, from the branches, waves the " angel's hair "
In gold festoons, stirred by the balmy air. [11]

The avenue emerges on a plain
Or grassy platform, bounded by a chain
Of lesser mountains ;
Upon three sides the rocks rise like a wall,
Debarring exit and approach to all
Except two fountains,
Depending from the rock like silver ropes
To scale the dizzy breach ;
A gay profusion clothes the mountain-slopes
Above—apple, and peach,
And pear—whose foliage relieves the view
That terminates in woods of gloomier hue.

Fantastic pinnacles or rocky spires
Made white and naked by the rains and fires
Of tropic centuries,
Above the wilderness in sunlight glow—
As if some Moorish city breathed below
Amongst fruit-laden trees.
And see, extended o'er the little plain,
The fortified "malal," [12]
And tents of Marican returned again
To his ancestral hall;
With the low dwellings of his tribe around,
Each with its feather'd lance placed upright in the ground.

Saddles and swords and lances, and the hum
Of warlike preparation, show that some
Adventure is at hand;
The horses, from their pastures far away,
With heads and ears erect, and eager neigh,
Within the "corral" stand. [13]

There is no revelry nor sound of mirth ;
Contemplative and grave,
Cradled in camp and battle from their birth,—
The Araucanian brave
Learn that they spring from never-vanquished sires,
Imbibe the pride such history inspires,
And the demeanour Liberty requires. [14]

There are three hundred warriors in the camp,
Three hundred horses in the corral stamp ;
Now they are bridled all ;
The Andalusian horse that's free to roam
The boundless pampas of his western home—
A noble animal !
And worthy of the matchless horsemen there—
The white man and the red :
Low, but strong-loined and ribbed, and spare
About the well-set head ;
Stag-eyed, flat-boned, and stout in wind and limb,
Well may the soldier trust his life to him !

Now the three hundred steeds are bridled all—
The narrow single rein, and light head-stall
Twisted with silver wire.
Some use the Chilian saddle, and some ride
Without such help, and fearlessly bestride
The steed of fire.
Slowly and soldierly, in single file,
The long array
By slope and shadow through the forest-aisle
Pursue their way ;
And straggling sentinels, and the old men,
Keep ward until the tribe return again.

Down where the river steals beneath the trees,
Where massive foliage bars the faintest breeze—
Where boughs entwine,
And with their lofty arches bridge the wave—
Where nimble monkeys swing, and parrots rave—
Where the wild vine

Clings with its clusters of deep purple hue,
And silver sheen
Of glancing fish is in the waters blue—
Where gamaloté green
Leans over with its long luxuriant leaves,
And for the glassy floor a floating carpet weaves :—

Where white bells of the Floripondio bloom,
Bathing all nature round them in perfume,
Like lily-laden shore;—
Where pink flamingos in the shallows dream,
And piebald swans, majestic in the stream,
Are poised on feathered oar ;—
Where tufted herons soar on snowy wing,
With plaintive cry—
Where brilliant is beyond imagining
The painted fly—
Where the bright humming-bird, like feathered bee,
Sips honey from the flower of plant and tree :—

Where yonder carob its broad shade has flung,—
These balmy scents and dreamy sights among,
The chief sits with his love.
She has been weeping, but her tears are past;
Her naked arms around his neck are fast;
The earnest gaze of her dark eyes is cast
Up to his eyes above;
Her long black silken tresses sweep the ground
In glossy plaits, with a green ribbon bound,
Whose fringe of silver bells
Emits a musical and fitful sound,
That her emotion tells.
Passion and grief in mingled currents run
Through her young heart—this daughter of the sun.

Colours, like shadows, change upon her cheek—
Of changing thoughts and hopes and fears they speak,
But most they speak of woe.
The pale green tunic to her breast that clings
Heaves with the tide of love's imaginings—

Their rapid ebb and flow ;
Her small " ichella " on the ground is thrown,
Tossed in disordered guise,
And tightened is her flower-embroidered zone
By her convulsive sighs ;
Armlets and anklets round in fragments lie—
These ornaments so dear to Araucanian eye ! [15]

Softly and tenderly her bosom's lord,
The stern Cacique, he of the lance and sword,
Breathes in her ear,—
"Cari-lemu, sweet love ! my soul's repose !
In the far east, beyond the eternal snows,
There lies a clear
Salt lake, encircled by green sunny hills
And peaks of purple fires,
Fed by a thousand radiating rills,
Where summer never tires,
And breezes faint from citron groves, they say,
Over the 'hidden waters' ever play. [16]

" Cari-lemu, thou art that lake to me—
That never-ending summer meaneth thee;
Thou art the citron rare,
From whom the breeze comes laden with delight:
The circling mountain I, that hides from sight
A paradise so fair.
But I will be thy circling barrier too
Against all ill;
The rock that hides the tranquil lake from view
Protects it still:
The winter-blast howls round the ridge of snow,
But summer's gentle gale doth in the valley blow.

" Cari-lemu will bid her warrior go
Now, as of yore, to meet Arauco's foe—
She would not bid him stay.
The tribes await me on the distant plain,
Star of my life! embrace me once again,
For I must be away:

Not Atacama's desert can divide
Thy heart from mine;
My soul will come across the forests wide
To mix with thine.
The mirasol awakens with the sun,
And gazeth on him till his course is run:
So will I gaze and love, till life be done." [17]

They part—alas! to meet but once again
On earth. And shall this loving be in vain,
And pass away—
The best since man from Paradise was driven,
The nearest to the love that reigns in Heaven,
Die with his clay?
There is—the Holy Book of Life has said—
No marrying above;
But hath not God commanded man to wed,
Hath He not blessed his love—
Ordaining that two bodies should be one
Mysterious unity of flesh and bone?

"There is no marrying in Heaven ;" and Hell
Adopts the solitary text as well,
To minister to lust.
Most true it is, the mansions of the blest
Are haunted not, in their eternal rest,
By Passion's fearful gust :
There is no marrying of souls with sin,
No wedlock with despair ;
No perjured treachery can ever win
Its vile admission there ;
But there the loyal hearts, that loved and trusted ever,
Renew their holy bonds, to be dissevered never.

IV

THE CONFERENCE

The peaceful music of a convent-bell
Is ringing in Arauco's citadel
Upon the lone sea-shore ; [18]
Inviting sinful man, at early day,
While yet his spirit should be pure, to pray
That he may sin no more.
The holy summons brings no hearts contrite
For pardon or for praise,
But, rushing from the revels of the night,
The priests polluted raise
The sacred symbols to a reeking crew ;
Then leave the house of God their orgies to renew. [19]

Hypocrisy ! thou,—devilish vice, art known
By countless symbols ; not Far West alone
Dost thou lie hiding :
Not to one sect or faith dost thou belong—
Not to one race of beings—nor one tongue ;
But thine abiding
Is in the realms of Death from pole to pole,
Thou rotten leprosy
Of sin, that dost afflict the human soul !
Thou poisoned tree,
O'ershadowing the nations with thy gloom,
And breathing into life the foulness of the tomb !

Countless thy symbols, varied is thy whine !
The dancing dervish of the East is thine ;
The padré of the West :
The sorcerer shivering in Kamschatkan snows,
The Sybarite on whom no winter blows ;
The hermit dressed

In sackcloth; and the gaudy cardinal;
The charmer of the snake:—
The coiner of the supernatural
For guile or lucre's sake:—
The righteous over-much, who would condemn
His fellow-sinner—for a garment's hem.

He who indulges in some passion vile,
And persecutes his brother all the while,
For the same sin:
He who is dyed by every vicious stain,
Yet dares the sacrament of God profane
His house within:
He who his sordid dealings seeks to hide
With outward charity:
He who spreads terror at his own fireside,
Abroad hilarity:
Lecher and liar, miser, tyrant, sot,
And all who strive to seem what they are not.

These, and a thousand more, thy pageant swell,
Hypocrisy—chief minister of hell.
Alas! the throng
Of civilisation, with its iron tread,
Trampling alike the living and the dead,
Bears thee along:
Pluck but thine ulcer-hiding cloak away,
Blindfolded man would see
Reality shine forth in light of day;
Satan would turn and flee
From off a globe whereon he could not dwell,
His vileness then would be so palpable.

The convent-bell has tinkled out its chime;
So modestly it marked the flight of Time—
He lingered as he flew:
Then started on his infinite career,
As harshly from the rocky watch-tower near
A horseman's trumpet blew.

Down the precipitous and winding way,
The cavalry of Spain,
In tattered and undisciplined array,
Defile into the plain,
Despite of battlements and walls of stone,
Unconquered Araucania calls her own.

Mean is their chief, and sordid in attire,
But yet retaining something of the fire
Of his ancestral land :
His bearing moves to melancholy mirth,
Like empty ruins cumbering the earth
They once held in command.
Possessor of a name renowned of yore
In courteous grave Castile,
The withered memory of things no more
Will sometimes sadly steal,
And whisper his vain arrogance and pride,
That he has kept the scar and cast the grace aside.[29]

The fortress guns saluted as they rode
Upon their way to seek the wild abode
Of Nature's denizens.
Of all the company of clouds, not one
Was there to veil the fury of the sun,
Which, like a mighty lens,
Seizes with fierce intolerable grasp
Buckles and belts of brass,
Kindles the sword-hilt in its fiery clasp,
And scorches the cuirass ;
While on the burning horseman's armèd heel,
The rowels are of flame, and not of steel.

Over the plain, vapours of quivering blue,
Clothing the fields of air in softest hue,
Harmonious gleam ;
The waving outline of the nearer hills
The listless mind with vague conception fills,
Like waking dream ;

The solitary cabbage-palm hard by,
Of slender stem,
Seems to the heated and disordered eye
A spiral flame;
And far beyond is blue of deeper dye,
Where the horizon blends the Andes with the sky.

Wistful and woeful were the glances sent
Across the lucid spotless firmament,
But found no succour there;
When, sudden, a vast column dusky red,
With borders serrated, hung overhead
Sinister in the air—
From twenty to two thousand gloomy feet
Of varying thickness—
And like a storm of winter-driven sleet
And wind-borne quickness,
Darkening the sun and shadowing the plain:
The Spaniard cried, "Caramba! *this is rain.*" [21]

Rain ! thou twin blessing of this tropic land,
That wanderest with Heat link'd hand in hand,
Through fairy bowers,
Vermilion-tinted meads and trellissed woods,
Through gorgeous and untended solitudes
Of fruits and flowers !
The flying avalanche approaching brings
No fresh'ning fall from thee ;
But the loud rushing sound of countless wings,
Like airy cavalry,
Proclaims a locust army drawing near,
With rapine in the van, and famine in the rear.

The rapid gallop of the swiftest steed
Could not outstrip the spoilers in their speed :—
Where'er the eye
Could penetrate the far horizon round,
With settled purpose and tumultuous sound
The wingèd squadrons fly.
They go to their appointed resting-place

Within some promised land,
To desolate, to ravage, to deface,—
Mysterious command!
Their task of utter desolation o'er,
They turn and fight, for naught is left them more;—
And myriads lie strewn like sands upon the shore.

The Spaniard halted his tired band of horse
Upon the margin of a watercourse,
Hard by a clump of cane,
Screening the water from the thirsty sun,
And sheltering a spotted jaguar dun,
The hunter of the plain.
The glutted tiger, crouched beside his prey,
In sullen ire withdrew:
A loathsome crowd of carrion-vultures grey,
That had their blood-watch there the live-long day,
Aloft unwilling flew,
And soared the depths of air in graceful rings,
And floated in the firmament on noiseless wings.

This water-course the Araucanians call,
In their soft tongue, "Stream of the Animal :"
A distant mountain,
The "Hill of Giants," by the "Hill of Beads,"
Holds in a cleft the parent source that feeds,
In clearest fountain.
But winter torrents, from the mountain toss'd,
Have worn the rocky bed,
Disclosing in this wilderness the lost
Bones of the giant dead ;
Revealing mysteries of ages fled,
And volumes of the book of life unread. [22]

White is the channel of the mountain-stream
With bleached and glistening remains, that gleam
Beneath the summer sky.
What is this sepulchre of mystic might ?
Is it the grave of mammoths fallen in fight
That here in legions lie ?

Or were they browsing on the topmost crest
Of some primeval wood,
When clouds descended from their buoyant rest
In vengeance, at the flood ?
Or are they of those secret things that man,
With his contracted sight, can never scan ?

Hail to the noble minds who, by the flame
Of the bright torch of science, march to fame !—
Hail to their lion hearts !
Genius and valour are the gifts of those :
They walk the desert and the eternal snows,
Where earthquake shivers or tornado blows,
And solitude imparts
A dread solemnity to all around ;
Where every aspect strange, and every sound
May be the sign of death ;
Where famine, fear, and pestilence abound
At every passing breath.
The searchers after truth upon this road,

These and a thousand perils have abode,
To know and justify the works of God.

But there are things God yet vouchsafeth not
To mortal man, how high soe'er his lot.
"The secret things belong
Unto the Lord our God;"—each ray of light
That science sheds on man's imperfect sight
Proclaims him in the wrong.
Then humbly let him watch, and search, and pray,
And trust in things revealed;
Not wavering upon his onward way,
Because of things concealed—
The time shall come when Truth's transparent ray,
Changing the dimness to the perfect day,
Eternal power and fitness shall display.

The Spaniard gazed upon the river-bed,
But little recked he of the mighty dead,
Or their significance.

Uneasy consciousness of empty pride,
And ignorant suspicion, side by side,
Were in his scornful glance;
And as his band drank up the welcome flood,
He pointed to a tree
Apparelled in dark foliage, that stood
Alone and gloomily,
Where the dead body of an Indian hung,
To the dry bones of which the skin still clung. [23]

But see! in answer to th' ignoble taunt,
The comrades of the dead;—they seem to haunt
Th' accursed spot.
From yonder algaroba-covered height
An Araucanian column comes in sight,
At rapid trot;
Then at swift gallop the wild warriors rode
In as compact array
As Europe's chivalry has ever showed
On the pitched battle's day;—

Back from the fillet streaming their long hair,
And filling their wild cries the summer air. [24]

Within a bowshot of the Spanish van
Halts the whole charging column as one man,
And silent stands ;—
Twelve hundred horsemen naked to the waist ;—
Their lances perpendicularly placed
In their right hands,
Like a fast rank of bristling palisade ;
And one might deem
The dusky ranks in sculptured bronze arrayed,—
So still they seem.
Their standards only give a fluttering motion—
A star of white upon a pale green ocean. [25]

Ride in the line the four chiefs of the land,
Each of his nation's warriors in command ;
But the true soul
And being of the host is Marican,

Elected by Arauco as the man
To lead the whole.
There rides the mountain-chief, Meli-antu—
Palacios of the plain—
The chief of the hill-borders, Umaru;
Of that which bounds the main,
Brave Marican—Arauco's guiding star,
Constant in love, invincible in war. [26]

His horse had been a foal of milk-white breed,
Matchless in symmetry and strength and speed,
Which had been taught
To bound in slow curvets, like those that went
In days of yore at joust or tournament. [27]
The trappings, wrought
In fanciful device of flowers and wings,
Are silver bound;
The bridle is of twisted silver rings;
And on the ground

Blue housing of the finest loom droops down,
Worthy to deck a steed that bears a kingly crown.

Slowly the chief advances, tread by tread;
The coal-black hair is folded round his head,
In circlets like a zone :—
Calm courage shines within his bright dark eye ;
Grave wisdom sits upon his forehead high ;
His bearing is of manly dignity ;
Over his shoulders thrown
Th' embroidered cloak—soft workmanship of love
In absent hours, [28]
Such as Penelope wept o'er and wove
In Grecian bowers ;
A battle-axe he grasps in his right hand—
The Araucanian symbol of command.

" Cacique of Spain," the Araucanian speaks,
As his steed proudly paces, " he that seeks

Arauco's braves
Upon their native soil is quick to find :
The tribes are on the march, the treaties bind ;
The salt sea-waves
And slimy forests of the Guayaquil [29]
Cover the slain ;
Yet am I here the treaty to fulfil,
And fight again.
Say to your chief, Arauco joins his band ;
She doth not throw the stone, and hide the hand."

V

THE MARCH

WITHERING, and fierce, and bitter cold, the wind
Blows on the mountain-pass : before, behind,
    Around, in dread repose,
Spread o'er the vast indefinite expanse,
Chilling the heart,—too mighty for the glance,—
    The solitude of snows
Like emblem of eternity is laid
    Betwixt the earth and sky ;—
While cities crumble, and while forests fade,
    And centuries flit by,
And nations pass in pageant sad and strange,
Over the snows of Andes comes no change.

The rushing torrent blue and clear hangs there—
A river down below,—in upper air
A frozen waterfall.
The mountain-summits, and the line of snow
Beneath, where winter halts and forests grow,
Together rise and fall ;—
Save where, at intervals, a group of spires,
Or solitary cone,
Distinguish where some grim volcano fires
At midnight lone
Its red-hot minute-guns—the cannon pent
Within the bosom of this battlement. [30]

Upon the summits rest no shadows dun,
The plenitude of light from snow and sun
Exhibits to the eye,
In unseamed purity, the spotless zone ;
No line is visible, save that alone
Where the white ridge in clear relief is thrown
Against the deep blue sky. [31]

And, through the solemn watches of the night,
Gleams Corcovado's fire ;
The red star of Osorno blazes bright ;
And Cotopaxi's spire
Displays its terrible projectiles hurled,
And fills with wondering awe the lower world.

The Organ Mountains !—As the days decline,
By frozen cataract and cleft ravine
The rapid thunder sweeps ;
And the chords answer to the mighty hand
That stirreth them, in diapason grand—
The music of the steeps !—
Reverberating like the roar of war
O'er continent and sea,
Until the weary mariner afar
With hope and helm a-lee,
Death in his path, his cup of faith outpoured,
Remembers Him who still can help afford,
And kneels to hear the anthem of the Lord.

And sometimes, when the summer days decline,
And night falls like a shroud, the lightnings shine,
And gleam along the snow.
Portentous calm is on the world of hills,
The rising moon the flashing lightning stills,
Volcanoes cease to flow.
The southern Aurora's fleecy car
Swells with harmonious ray,
The silver flood from moon, and snow, and star,
That emulates the day ;
Can aught of ill betide the earth, when Love
And Joy pervade the firmament above ?

Descend into a city of the West :
Bow'rs of the myrtle and the rose are drest—
It is the honoured eve
Of tutelary saint's high festival.
Torches of wax illume the leafy hall,
And brilliantly relieve

The chandeliers of stars that hang above,
In the blue roof of sky ;
Music, and dance, and whispered vows of love,
And maskèd revelry,
Feasting and mirth, and rivers of red wine,
In mad alliance muster, and combine
To make hot pulses beat and bright eyes shine.

Why has the music ceased ?—why has the clasp
Of wreathèd passion changed into the grasp
Of pallid griping fear ?
Why drops the wine-cup from the palsied hand ?—
Why does the stricken masker trembling stand
Subdued with listening ear ?
The grassy floor has opened, like a tomb
Yawning to clutch its prey,
With sound which might proclaim the crack of doom
At the last Judgment-day—
The sound of agony that comes from earth
In the spasmodic throes of earthquake's birth.

Billows of earth, from subterranean sea,
Heave their high heads ; the rattling musketry
Of splintered roof and wall,
The crash of falling street and shivered spire,
Of church and colonnade, the crumbling dire
From base to capital.
In place of joy are panic and despair ;
For music, there is wail ;
For drunken revelry, the hurried prayer
From lips with horror pale ;
And cries of " Mercy ! mercy ! " rend the air,
And crowns of thorns are press'd on bleeding temples bare. [32]

The silence of the tomb is on the Pass—
No living thing, no tree, no blade of grass,
Naught save the wind and snow ;
But, circling in the sunbeam like a mote,
The messenger of carnage you may note—
The crested condor, with his dusky throat
And panoply of woe. [33]

He has received some tidings of good cheer,
Some news of coming feast,
Of bloody battlefield and roofless bier—
The corpse without the priest;
And he peers down, with telescopic eye,
From out his giddy watch-tower in the sky.

The instinct of the feathered mute is true;
For, through the deep defile, there comes in view,
Tossing the tinkling bells
Round her embroidered collar,—and her head
Adorned with ribbon-streamers of bright red,
The Madré mule, that tells
She is the wise and faithful pioneer
Of an advancing band;
And, in her wake, the hardy muleteer
Salutes his favourite with hearty cheer,
And words of kind command:
Then, ever and anon, some snatch of song
Like this,—beguiles him as he rides along.

I

WEEP away, heart, weep away!
Let no muleteer
Be afraid
To weep; for a brave heart may
Lament for a dear
Fickle maid.

II

The lofty sky weeps in cloud,
The earth weeps in dews
From its core;
The diamond-brooks weep aloud,
The flow'rs change the hues
Which they wore.

III

The grass mourns in the sunbeam,
In gums weep the trees,
And in dye;
And if mourn meadow and stream—
Inanimate these—
May not I?

IV

The wood-pigeon mourns his mate,
The caged birds bewail
Freedom gone;
Shall not man mourn over fate?
Dumb sorrow assail
Him alone?

V

The bulls of the forest grieve
When the lassoes wind
Round the horn;
And man shall we silent leave,
With his master-mind,
To mourn?

VI

Then weep on, heart, weep away!
Let no muleteer
Be afraid
To weep; for a brave heart may
Lament for a dear
Fickle maid." [34]

Right cheerily adown by chasm and scaur
The peaceful heralds of Revenge and War
Hot, hurrying on the way,
Pursue their slipp'ry scramble. Overhead
Depend the naked rocks—purple and red—
Of bright-hued porphyry ;
And, lower down, huge glist'ning masses raise
Their smooth and tap'ring heads,
Up at sharp angle from the mountain-base,
In crumbling pyramids—
That seem the shivers, and the fragments small,
Left at the building of the giant-wall.

They thread a narrow valley, where the sun
Some wondrous workmanship in snow had done.
A crystal-frozen screen
Of Saracenic columns blocks the way,
So thickly wedged, a horseman scarcely may
Ride their close shafts between ;

And on the needle-point of one, impaled,
There stands a frozen steed ;
His attitude, the last death-spring, that failed
To serve him at his need :
His open nostril yet would seem to play,
His mouth to be agape with shrill despairing neigh. [35]

As Winter, wrestling with approaching Spring,
With cold embrace continueth to cling
And woo his frozen bride,—
So is it on this alpine pilgrimage :
They travel on together many a stage,
Unloving, side by side.
At the first floweret in his path that springs—
Joy in the realm of sorrow !—
The mountain-messenger his greeting flings,
His cordial good-morrow ;
And the old Madré snatched a tuft of hay,
The first that she had had the live-long day.

They rest not from their journeying until,
By shingly valley and round-crested hill
And stream of turbid hue,
There falleth on the ear the sullen roar
Of troubled waters, on a distant shore,—
The rushing red Maypu!
Then halts the muleteer—his duty done,
Unsaddles his good steed,
Basks in the rays of the descending sun;
And, while his comrades feed
On the dry herbage, kindles his cigar,
And scans the clear horizon near and far.

There passed—perhaps it might have been the space
Of a short hour, and just before the race
Of western day was run,
When, from the lengthened shadows and the gloom
Of rock and hill, a file of horsemen loom
Large in the setting sun.

Toil-stained from heel to helmet, they advance
In silent sullen course ;
Ferocity and famine in the glance
Of trooper and of horse :
The soldiers who had marched three hundred miles,
Amongst the Andes, had no place for smiles.

After the vanguard follow, in a while,
Squadrons of cavalry, in endless file,
Fierce lancer and hussar ;
A horde of centaurs from the Pampas poured,
Ready with lance, with lasso, and with sword,
Alike in chase or war.
To drive the Indian or the bull is theirs,
The gallop or the fray ;
The wild carouse, where midnight watchfire glares,
The wilder sport by day :
Their home is in the saddle,—and their cares
The priest can tell who hears their parting prayers.

The sun is down, the valley black with night ;
But on the mountain-side, the ruby light
Continueth to shine ;
And shows upon the path so scant and steep,
A long array, descending slowly, sweep
In column serpentine—
Glancing on bristling bayonet and gun,
And axe of pioneer,
On helmet, horn, and bugle, many a one,
And many a banner-spear ;
While, from the depths beneath, in snatches come
The signal-notes of trumpet and of drum.

These notes have rung the death-knell of thy reign
In the Far West, romantic storied Spain !
Still dear to noble mind ;
Whose errors have yet failed to quench the flame
Of chivalry that lingers round thy name ;
Whose mere decay is grander than the fame

That newer nations find :
These are San Martin's trumpets, and his drums.
Thy long lethargic sleep
Must end ; the army of the Andes comes
To break the slumbers deep,
Which have obscured thy metal in alloy,
Since thy proud ranks were broken at Rocroy.

VI

THE BATTLE

FLUSHED with the field of Cancharayada,
Osorio, the Spanish leader, lay
On Santiago's plain :
Rumour, that travels on electric wings,
Mysterious prophet of approaching things,
Had whispered him in vain ;—
The army of the Andes was a rout,
A wretched ragged train :
His regiments were disciplined and stout,
The chivalry of Spain ;
San Martin was a robber he would tear
With horses, in the rebel city's square.

Upon a misty morning, it befel,
His outward pickets were driven in pell-mell,
And roused him from his trance.
A distant cloud of dust and seething smoke,
Revolving on the level plain, bespoke
A general advance,
But clothed in thick impenetrable veil
The pageant strange from view ;—
And still the Spanish captain deemed the tale
Of rumour all untrue,
And that the column rolling onwards there
Was but a swarm of serfs, unworthy of his care.

He did not know, though once his nation knew,
What genius and romantic valour do,
United in one soul :
These were the attributes that scaled the wall
Of Italy, for Punic Hannibal
And the Imperial Gaul.

San Martin made his mountain-march with these;
These were the steeds that drew
His cannon up the frozen precipice,
Across the glacier blue,
Across the bottomless unbridged abyss,
Across the ridgy wilderness.

These were the spirits that in thunder spoke
When the artillery the silence broke,
And martial music played;
And headlong cavalry rushed through the smoke,
And charging-cheer the slumbering echoes woke
From squadron and brigade.
Land of lost glory! will thy courage pale
Before thy rebel son?
Will the renown of olden time avail?
Or is thy chivalry a long-told tale,
Whose memory is gone?
I joy to hear thy fierce defiance float

From fearless fife and lordly bugle-note,
And from the hoarse reply of cannon's throat.

The roar of battle overcomes the roar
Of the rock-laden waves, that madly pour
To ocean from Maypu:
Within its realms, the rivalry of man
Mocking the thunder,—since time first began,
That torrent never knew.
And ever as the cannons paused for breath
The combat to renew,—
Chaunting the oratorio of death
The surges louder grew:
Then to the deafening diapason lent
Their terrible accompaniment.

There was a hamlet, the Espejo called,
Upon an eminence, and strongly walled,
Held by Osorio's men:

Stormed early by San Martin's volunteers,
Retaken by Osorio's grenadiers ;
Taken and stormed again ;
Until the walls became a heap of stones,
And corpses formed a mound
Of festering human clay and splintered bones,
O'er which the horsemen bound,
Crossing the Indian lance and Gaucho spear
With the fixed bayonet of the musketeer.

The Spaniard fought for empire and for fame ;
The Patriot waged the war in freedom's name ;
The Indian fought to slay ;
Yet, from their bearing in the bloody fray,
Which was the nobler motive none could say,
So stern the struggle, and so close the day.
Cradled within the sulph'rous clouds that cleave
To the red battle's line,
The Fatal Sisters from their distaff weave

The woof incarnadine ;
And Atropos stands by with bloody shears,
Dissevering in an hour the threads of years.

At last the Regiment of Burgos, placed
At honour's deadly post, where interlaced
The bayonet with the gun,
Tried their fast-failing numbers to repair
In the compactness of the hollow square :—
That deed was never done.
An Irish colonel of San Martin's horse
Dashed through the opening ranks,
Spreading confusion in his headlong course
Through centre and through flanks :
Wild panic seized the troops of royal Spain,
Her proud battalions fled across the plain,
In that fair clime to rally ne'er again.

As Gauchos chase the ostrich or the deer,
With flying lasso, and with levelled spear,

And madly-shouted cry ;—
Such was the chase of the retreating foe ;
And they that 'scaped the spear-thrust and the blow
Went down to ocean with the river's flow,
Midst yells of victory.
A remnant of the Children of the Sun
Rode from the bloody plain,
And vanished like the shapes and shadows dun
That cross the dreamer's brain ;
But in their ranks there lacked the bravest one,
For Marican, their dauntless chief, was gone.

VII

THE EXECUTION

A HOLIDAY in Santiago's town
To celebrate in gladness the renown
Of her victorious arms!
The little hill and battery, that crown
Her squares and irrigated streets, look down
On thickly-thronging swarms
That teem upon the breezy rampart-wall,
And smile, and wave the hand,
Or gallop gaily on the willowed mall—
A gorgeous glittering band:
Feather and fringe and spangle, plate and ring,
The fluttering ribbon, and the gaudy wing
Of coloured cloaks, that shame the hues of spring.

Within the spacious Plaza's every side,
Court-yard and casement all are open wide,
With gay beholders rife ;
The mansion-house of state, the justice-hall,
Palace, and church, are crowned with capital
That breathes the breath of life ;
Balcony and piazza are a stage
Bestarred with human eyes,
In eager expectation of some page
In human destinies.
There is unbroken silence, and the pause
That ever reigns before the curtain draws.

The horsemen of the Pampas keep the square
Unoccupied from sides to centre, where
Cool gushing fountains play :
The visages of these grim warriors wear
Unmitigated yet their haggard air ;
And soiled accoutrements and clothes, still bear

Marks of the recent fray.
Hard by the waters, stretched upon the ground,
Panting with rage and fear,
Their limbs with leathern thongs securely bound,
Their nostrils heaving forth convulsive sound,
Four desert steeds appear—
Unconscious of the saddle or the rein,
Unconquered as the breeze that fans their native plain.

Hark to the single deep funereal toll!
That fills the list'ning sense, and awes the soul,
Like music from the grave!
The heavy note of that cathedral bell,
Reverberating round, has rung the knell—
The death-knell of the brave.
The prison-gates unfold with iron bray
And forth, with solemn tread,
Marches, with arms reversed, a stern array,
The escort of the dead—

Or of the form where life yet ling'ring lay,
But whence the spirit vexed has almost fled away.

To the time of the rolling muffled drum
They move—and hollow, as they come,
Their footsteps measured fall.
Beside the bayonet depends the cross—
Heaven's holy symbol beside earthly dross :
In sable vestures all
Walk missaled monk and friar; the Carmelite,
Dominican, and Clare,
Franciscan, Capuchin—black, grey, and white—
With heads upturned and bare ;
Mingled, as they have mingled many a day—
The priest of peace to save, the man of blood to slay.

Upon a mule-drawn hurdle, gagged and bound,
His life-blood welling out from mortal wound,

Lay Marican :
But not a shadow o'er his visage stole,
Though pain and deepest anguish wrung his soul,
And though between him and his earthly goal
Existence was a span.
A hooded monk sits closely by his side,
And whispers sècretly,
And clasps his hand, as lover clasps his bride.
Oh ! can it be,
That, under suffering's all-chast'ning rod,
The Indian has abjured his country's god ?

" Unloose the cursèd rebel," was the word ;
The thongs were cut asunder by a sword—
" Now bind, and let him die."
To each wild horse a nervous limb was bound,
As each lay madly foaming on the ground ;
The eye of Marican gazed calmly round,
And met an answering eye.

Then simultaneous, at a signal given,
The wild mustangs are free,
To the four quarters of the Plaza driven ;
And Marican has gone to tell high Heaven
How such things be.
The monks have marshalled in their dark array
Around a fallen brother, who has swooned away.

VIII

THE BURIAL

THROUGH many a night, in the clear moonlight,
When the Southern Cross and the Ship shone bright,
Through many a midnight drear,
When the lustrous sky-lamps were drowned in gloom,
And light lay embedded in darkness' womb,
Forbidden to appear ;
Through many an entangled forest lorn
Impervious to sunbeam,
By lonely mountain-side, at early morn,
By valley, lake, and stream,
Through thorny swamp and solitary plain,
Homewards they bore the fragments of the slain.

The monk who soothed his latest agony,
Who held his dying hand, and on whose eye
His death-glance fixed and fell,
No longer monk, rode by the litter's side,
Tearless and mute, the fond and faithful bride
He loved in life so well.
The fountain of her woman's tears is dry,
Life's chord is snapped in twain—
Tears are for those that mourn, but live to try
Mourning to love again ;
But for this woman, life and love and tears
Have ceased for ever, like extinguished spheres.

But there was outward calm: the broken heart
No trembling agitation did impart ;
That organ was no more
The organ of the spirit, though it lay
Throbbing within its dwelling-place away,
As it had throbbed before.

Nothing in life can ever quicken there
For sorrow or for joy :
The trampling steeds had plucked the metal rare,
And left the base alloy ;
And the immortal spark for refuge fled
To the cold lodging of the honoured dead.

Calmly she had discharged the bill of blood
Exacted by the slayers, ere they would
Deliver up their prey:
The sickening items of the thong and cord,
The hire of the death-hurdle, and the sword,
The fierce horse-hunter's pay,
The wages of the man that tolled the bell,
The coffin and the nail,
The hospitable lodging in the cell
Of Santiago's jail ;
And to the savage soldiery a dole,
Who drank the gory gift, and curs'd the Indian's soul.[36]

The coffin was borne by the milk-white steed :
He drooped in his pace, for he scorned to lead ;
And the good horse could tell
That the motionless load of chested clay,
That so heavily on his withers lay,
Could not be the rider that steered his way
So boldly and so well.
He missed the kind voice and light hand of him
Were wont his pride to still,
And the steady seat and the nervous limb,
Controlling him at will :
The ready servant is the sullen slave ;
The forward battle-charger of the brave,
Reluctant, bears the hero to his grave !

Soft blows the evening breeze of home, that greets
The mourning bride, and redolent of sweets
From scented shrub and tree ;
The lilac palqui and the passion-flower

Exhale an odour, as of jasmine bower
In fragrant Araby.
Ah ! many a time o'er love's entrancèd hour,
For ever fled,
Its subtle sense-intoxicating power
That fairy bloom had shed ;
Ambrosial, still it breathes from forest-bed,
But hath no power to charm the living or the dead.

Groups of dark figures watch beside the stream, —
Dusky, like sentinel-shadows they seem,
O'er the sleeping river,
As with gentlest motion it glides in dream,
Now in deep shade, now in the silver gleam
Where the moonbeams quiver ;
A tranquil harmony made many a time
In sweetest measure,
For noble words—simplicity sublime
Of holy pleasure ;

Words, signifying thoughts that cannot die,
Set to the water's murmuring melody.

Flow on in music, river! it may be
That, in thy beautiful tranquillity,
Such thou shalt hear again;
But, should thy waters flow in song for aye,
Always the tearful voice of memory
Shall blend her mournful strain.
Sad sound thy sullen ripples even now,
By each unmoored canoe,
Each with the death-torch flaming at the bow,
Each with a mourning crew;
The unwonted fires gaunt spectral shadows threw,
The ruddy glare eclipsed the moon's pale hue,
As Love and Truth bade Paradise adieu!

'Twas midnight ere the rowers drew their breath,
And ere the fiery fleet was beached beneath

A promontory bold,
Washed by the river's flow and ocean's tide,
Where sleep Arauco's warriors side by side,
Till History be told.
Over the silver sands, and up the steep,
They bore the chieftain's bier ;
And now the cry of lamentation deep
Falls on the list'ning ear,
Answers the penguin with his solemn note,
And, up against the sea-breeze, the albatross doth float.

They laid the hero on a lofty crest
That looked across the sea, towards the west,
Where lies the happy land :
They placed his lance and saddle by his side,
The carcass of the horse he loved to ride,
The swift canoe to navigate the tide,
The war-axe in his hand.
'Twas done, what honour could for valour do ;

But ling'ring love must stay
One moment more to take a last adieu,
The latest rites to pay ;
The widowed wife stood by the husband's tomb,
The living bride beside the dead bridegroom,
And thus her wild farewell came wailing thro' the gloom.

I

" MARICAN, my love !
Thy heart is still,
Thy form is cold.
Thy spirit, free and bold,
They could not kill ;
But they tore the arms that used to hold
Thy Green-Bush in their circling fold—
So she was told :
Oh ! blame her not that her vision failed,
That her pulses ceased, and her courage quailed.

II

" Marican, my love !
Twelve moons have scarce gone by
Like a dream,
Since the sun shone in the azure sky,
And flowers looked in the stream :
None were there but thou and I,
And the mocking-bird with his melody.

III

" Marican told his love
To Cari-lemu in the Jaca's shade ;
And Cari-lemu was the happiest maid
In wide Arauco's land.
And she has been the best-loved bride
That ever lay by warrior's side,
For his heart went with his hand.

IV

" Marican, my brave !
Which of Arauco's warriors round

Was like to thee ?
First in the battle ever found,
The last to flee.
Bravest amongst the brave and free,
Thou shalt stir no more at the trumpet's sound,
From thy narrow bed in the rocky mound
Above the sea.

v

" Marican, brave and true !
Thy spirit hovers near
The bloody bier ;
And it pleaseth thee to hear
The words I say.
But the ferry-woman chides at the delay [37]
In the canoe :
Marican, one moment stay,
I come to you."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

A LEGEND OF BRAEMAR

WITHIN a fairy birchen bower,
That quivered o'er the silver Dee,
There grew a lonely forest-flower,
An orphan child of high degree,
The lady of that region far
That lies beneath bold Loch-na-Garr.

Young Helen of Balmoral knew
No tender parent's fost'ring care;
Her sire the vengeful Southron slew;
Her mother drooped of dull despair.
All lonely dwelt this mountain maid
Amidst her mountain warriors true;

19071A

But not the less each belted plaid
Paid homage to that eye of blue;
And at a wave from that fair hand
Wailed the war-pipe and flashed the brand.

The heather warm with purple bloom
In evening's ray glowed warmer still,
And fresher came the fresh perfume
Of tree and flower from glen and hill;
Loud rose the heathcock's stirring cry—
And 'twixt the mountain and the sky
Peered antlered heads of majesty.

Sweet Helen wandered in her bower,
The Lord of Brackley by her side:
It is an hour in which love's power
Steals o'er the heart, that eventide.
And this stern man of wiles and war
Wooed the wild-rose of Loch-na-Garr.

But Helen's heart was not her own,
And yet it was not far away :
That little heart was not of stone,
And the young chief of Invereye
The treasure held. One hope of bliss
Dwelt in the bosom of that pair—
A hope that made the wilderness
Shine like a garden rich and rare—
The hope that Helen as a bride
Might stand with Malcolm at her side.

In all simplicity she told
Her tale unto the man of guile.
Fiercely the baron's eyeballs rolled,
Dark frowned his shaggy brows the while,
And fierce the oaths, by heaven and hell,
That from this impious spirit fell.
But while he spoke,—from out the glade,
With eagle plume and flowing plaid,

And by his side a Highland blade,
Came forth young Invereye.
"Dear Malcolm" was his Helen's cry,
And "Dearest Helen" the reply—
"Oh, why the tear in that bright eye?—
My dearest darling, say."

But who can paint the baron's ire?
A flash, shot from his eye of fire,
Had withered them, could his dark will
Have gifted it with power of ill.
Scarce had the chieftain space to breathe,
Or his good weapon to unsheath,
Ere his fierce foe upon him fell
With drawn claymore and savage yell.—
Loud were poor Helen's shrieks for aid;
But ere her latest words were said,
The gallant boy's consuming blade
Had laid the baron low.

The sun of summer set on blood,
And Helen and her lover stood
Beside the fallen foe.

The corpse was laid out in Brackley Hall,
And over the coffin a velvet pall;
And the priests the burial service read;
And torches gleamed o'er the bloody dead,
One at the feet, and one at the head;
While the baron's retainers, in silence and fear,
Were ranged in state around the bier.
The board was spread with the funeral fare,
And the silent guests sate round—
The next of kin in the baron's chair,
At his feet the baron's hound:
Kinsmen and clansmen, one and all,
Armed to the teeth with buckler and steel;
Met to avenge their chieftain's fall—
A feud that must not heal.

The master of the feast stood up—
In his left hand the red wine cup,
In his right hand a naked brand,
While grimly round the list'ners stand—
"By the Holy Rood,
By our chieftain's blood
That oozes yet in his father's hall,
By our Saviour's woes
Upon the cross,
We swear to avenge our kinsman's fall!"

Hark to the pibroch's shrill lament—
Solemn, and sad, and slow!—
And to the answering cry that's sent
From the motley crowd below:
The coronach of those that fed
Upon the bounty of the dead.——
Among the sordid beggar brood
In misery arrayed;

Beneath the open casement stood
A lonely village maid.
Soon as she heard the fatal vow,
And ere the answering cry
Had reached midway the mountain's brow,
Or echo could reply,
With noiseless motion, swift and light,
She vanished in the shades of night.

Upon his couch young Malcolm lay,
But anxious thoughts and restless fears
Had driven slumber far away—
What sound is that he hears?
Is it the beating of the rain,
Or pebble at the lattice-pane?
He listens—and again the noise:
The lattice wide he flings,
When a well-known and well-loved voice
This warning message brings:

"They come, they come! oh, haste and flee!
They follow fast behind:
At Invercauld they swam the Dee,
And thence by Auchindryne,
And all along the Braes of Mar
The vengeful Gael approaching are."

And now,—out in the still dark night,
Malcolm clasps Helen to his heart;
No thought has he of fear or flight;
Entranced he hangs, and cannot part
From that dear soul, so true, so brave,
That perilled all,—his life to save.
"Together let us haste away:"
This they resolved at last;
So up the rugged Glen of Eye,
Hand locked in hand they passed,
Nor stayed till where the troubled spray
Into the Linn is cast.

They rested—they knew not how long ;
Love keeps no note of hours ;
So thick its varied fancies throng,
That calculation's self goes wrong,
And its tranced votaries belong
Not to this world of ours.

But yet—it cannot be the light
Of morn that's piercing through the night :
Night's mantle hath not yet been drawn
From off the ridge of far Ben-Aun ;
No streak gilds Ben-y-Vroughton's breast,
Or Ben-Mac-dhui's lofty crest :
The glare that reddens Invereye
Is not the harbinger of day.
No ; the dead baron's ruthless crew
Had given the time-worn tower to fire ;
And the red home of him that slew
Their kinsman, every moment grew

Of redder and of bloodier hue,
  Like to a funeral pyre.

Long space the sorrowing chief had not
  To brood upon the mournful scene ;
For the sharp crack of rifle-shot,
  And whistling of a ball between
Him and his bride, gave notice dread
Their secret had been quickly read.
Malcolm decided quickly too ;
  He raised his Helen in his arms,
And, midst the Highlanders' halloo,
  And curses of the coming swarms,
Six paces back he firmly stept,
  And, guided by the glimmering light,
From rock to rock the torrent leapt ;
  Then plunging in the friendly night,
That gloomed along the fringed shore
Of the dark Eye, was seen no more.

Two summer moons had now fled away ;
It was the bright morn of an autumn day,
When the rocky pass of the Altanour,
And the mountains that o'er its torrent tower,
Rang to the shouts of a bridal band
From far and near—the pride of the land.

All the flower of Loch-na-Garr :—
Fair and gallant of every degree,
From Invercauld to wide Braemar,
From far Blair-Atholl to Glendee.
Halted all the bright array,
Flags and banners to display,
Where the troubled stream of Eye
Disappeareth from the day.

There, where the solid bank is rent
In breach so narrow, that the roe

Bounds o'er the rocky battlement ;
So deep that, down below,
The awe-struck mortal seems to tread
Within the precincts of the dead ;
There—where the brawling stream runs slow,
And in a fathomless abyss
Glides on in gloomy listlessness,
But scarcely seems to flow :
There, on a native platform rude,
Above the solemn stream,
Fair Helen and young Malcolm stood,
As in a happy dream ;
And at their side a priest stood by,
Prepared the nuptial-knot to tie.

Within this wild retreat, a cave
Scooped from the solid stone,
Security and shelter gave
Until the feud was gone :

The neighbouring chieftains lent their aid
To stay the stern and cruel raid.
The lovers' youth and high degree,
  Their fortitude, and perils past,
Aroused the mountain chivalry,
  And banished war and woe at last.
The priest has joined their loving hands—
  Their loving hearts were joined before :
The monarch of the forest stands
  And listens to the wild uproar
Of mingled shouts and music borne
High on the breeze of that bright morn,
To Craig-an-Lochan's summit worn.

THE PARROT AND THE LADY

FROM ARNAUD DE CARCASSES

In a garden fenced with turrets gray,
I heard a parrot talk
To a lady beauteous as the day
Who chancèd there to walk.
He bowed :—" An errand-bird am I ;
Nay, start not, if I tell you why
I bring you thus my company.

" I do Antiphanor's behest,
The son of royal sire,
The best that e'er laid lance in rest
Or curbed the war-steed's fire.

He bids me tell thee, lovely fair!
Of broken heart, and wound that ne'er
Will heal without thy gentle care."

Rose o'er her cheek the crimson wave:
And,—"Do I hear aright?
Hast heard that I e'er favours gave
To any Christian knight?
And yet, methinks, thou art so gay,
Thy speech so soft, that thou may'st stay
And while a tedious hour away."

"I marvel much," quoth the parrot now,
"That thou dost slight his moan."
"Then know, sir bird, that my maiden vow
Was plighted at the altar-stone."
"Yet sure thy lord would scarce deny
That thou for him shouldst heave one sigh,
Who lives for thee,—for thee would die."

"Alas! sweet bird, thou may'st be right,"
Thus did the lady say—
"But give a cause why I should slight
The vow I gave away."
"That, lady fair! I surely may:
Love laughs at oaths by night and day;
Where there's a will, there is a way."

"Well, an thou wilt, go tell thy knight,
And tell him with a sigh,
The god of love hath won the fight—
Fly, wingèd courier, fly.
Yet stay,—it will assuage his pain,
Give him this golden ring and chain,
Love-token till we meet again.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG

FROM SCHILLER

I

"A SISTER loves thee while I live;
Knight, love thou like a brother:
More love than this I cannot give—
Oh! ask me for none other.
In calmness think of me, and oh!
Let us in calmness speak:
Why is it that these tear-drops flow
In silence down thy cheek?"

II

He hears her words, but answers not ;
For what can sorrow say ?
One kiss,—he leaves the hallowed spot
Upon his steed away ;
Summons his warrior men around
Forth from the Switzer-Land—
For Jesus' holy grave they're bound,
A gallant Christian band.

III

And mighty are the deeds, and brave,
Of the Toggenburger's arm ;
The plumes upon his helmet wave
Where the Pagans thickest swarm.
Forth on the winds his war-cries go,
And the turbaned armies quake ;
But the hero from his sleep of woe
Shall never more awake.

IV

Twelve weary months of absence borne,
No rest can he obtain :
The Toggenburger must return
Back to his home again.
He sees a ship on Joppa's strand,
Her white sails in the wind,
Which wafts him once more to the land
And love he left behind.

V

Then to the well-known castle gate
He once again draws near :
'Tis opened ; but these words of fate
In thunder meet his ear :—
" Go seek her in the cloister's shade,
To God her vows are given ;
And yesterday the rites were paid
That wedded her to heaven."

VI

And he has left his father's hall,
There never to abide ;
He leaves his true steed in the stall,
He casts his arms aside ;
Down from the Toggenburg takes he
His way, unseen, unknown,
And o'er the limbs of chivalry
A sackcloth garment's thrown.

VII

Near where the linden's solemn shade
Darkens the cloister pale,
The pilgrim to himself hath made
A solitary cell ;
There, ling'ring from the sun's first rise
Till ev'ning's latest ray,
Enduring hope still in his eyes,
The hours fade calm away.

VIII

Gazing upon the walls above
For ever, from his cell,
Up to the lattice of his love,
Until the lattice fell—
Until the dear one's self was seen,
Until her image fair
Bent o'er the valley's space between,
In angel radiance there.

IX

Then down in joyfulness to rest
He lay,—consoled of sorrow,
Expecting, with unruffled breast,
The sunrise of the morrow.
And so he lingered many a day
And year within his cell,
From morn till ev'ning's latest ray,
Until the lattice fell.

x

So lingered he, for many a day
And year, within his cell,
From morn till ev'ning's latest ray,
Until the lattice fell.
And so, upon a morn of balm,
A lifeless corpse at last
He sate, his features, pale and calm,
Up to the lattice cast.

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL

I

Old England, rejoice! let the hearts of thy yeomen,
Hearts of oak and of honour, be glad!
Even sorrow herself, at the news of bright omen,
For a season will cease to be sad.
The fair rose of Royalty,
Pride of all loyalty,
Hath budded, herself but a blossom of spring;
And, though frail be the flower,
The rose-bud hath the power
New strength to the lions of England to bring.

II

Let thy pibroch, wild Scotland, resound on the hill,
And summon the chiefs and the Gael—
Not now, as of yore, to the field by the Till—
Not now, as of yore, clad in mail :
Tartan and bonnet-blue,
Drain ye the mountain-dew !
From hill and from valley, come far and come near.
Rosebud of Brunswick's tree,
Rosebud of Liberty,
Highland and Lowland both welcome thee here.

III

Erin, green Erin ! what will be thy greeting ?
Thine answer is borne on the wind :
Was it e'er, when in war or in welcome competing,
That Irishmen lingered behind ?
No ! the heroes who bled,
Who stood Britain in stead,

Who have fought and have conquer'd for her, and forgiven
Long ages of care,
Of grief and despair,
Will rally with hope round this herald from heaven.

IV

Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock, bright garland of glory!
The brightest on Liberty's tree,
Excelling the laurels of Grecian story,
All glowing and green though they be,
Entwine to adorn
Britannia's first-born;
Wreathe your flowers round her cradle, in emblem that there
Lies the hope of the three
Great lands of the Free—
The lands of the valiant, the chaste, and the fair.

BATTLE OF THE JHELUM

"The 24th Regiment marched on the 13th of January against the Sikh army; it was unsupported, exposed to the full sweep of the Sikh batteries, and to the deadly play of their destructive musketry. More than one-half the regiment went down in ten minutes; the remainder, still stricken by the artillery, assailed by thousands of infantry, and menaced by swarms of cavalry, could no longer keep their ground. The elder Pennycuik had fallen, and two soldiers attempted to carry him off while still breathing; but the Sikhs pressed them so closely that, unable to contend, they dropped their honourable burden and drew back. The gallant boy, the son of the noble dead, only seventeen years old, now first aware of his misfortune, sprang forward, sword in hand, bestrode his father's body for a moment, and then fell across it, a corpse!"—*Times.*

Toll the bell for the brave!
For the sire and for the son,
Whose warrior-race is run;
Grimly now they sleep in one
Bloody grave.

It was ev'ning of the day,
By the banks of the Jhelum,
When, through the coming gloom,
Rode the messenger of doom
On his way.

"Let the Twenty-fourth advance,"
Was the headlong summons brought;
The veteran warrior caught
The order quick as thought—
"Men, advance!"

Weary and travel-worn,
Faint, but devoid of fear,
They formed—the foe was near—
Then rushed on with a cheer
This hope forlorn.

As they charged, the leader's eye
Sought out his hero boy ;
And a glance of troubled joy,
Pride and pain, in mixed alloy,
Flitted by.

Thoughts come that none can quell ;
And, peradventure, he
Then lived in memory
With hearts beyond the sea—
Who can tell ?

With hearts that loved him well !—
Let them weep, let them weep !
A hundred cannons sweep
Down that dreary tangled steep :
So he fell !

There were two that were not slain,
That strove to bear away
The tenement of clay
They had followed many a day
In battle-plain.

All in vain !—so on the sand
They laid their lifeless load ;
But the beardless boy abode,
And his father's corpse bestrode
Sword in hand.

Toll the bell for the brave !
For the sire and for the son,
Whose warrior-race is run ;
They sleep gloriously in one
Bloody grave.

NOTES

NOTES TO MARICAN

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[1] "From the time we entered the torrid zone, we were never wearied with admiring, every night, the beauty of the southern sky, which, as we advanced towards the south, opened new constellations to our view. We feel an indescribable sensation when, on approaching the equator, and particularly on passing from one hemisphere to the other, we see those stars which we have contemplated from our infancy progressively sink, and finally disappear. Nothing awakens in the traveller a livelier remembrance of the immense distance by which he is separated from his country than the aspect of an unknown firmament. The grouping of the stars of the first magnitude, some scattered nebulæ rivalling in splendour the Milky Way, and tracts of space remarkable for their extreme blackness, give a particular physiognomy to the southern sky. This sight fills with admiration even those who, uninstructed in the

branches of accurate science, feel the same emotion of delight in the contemplation of the heavenly vault as in the view of a beautiful landscape or a majestic site. A traveller has no need of being a botanist to recognise the torrid zone on the mere aspect of its vegetation; and without having acquired any notions of astronomy, without any acquaintance with the celestial charts of Flamstead and De la Caille, he feels he is not in Europe when he sees the immense constellation of the Ship or the phosphorescent clouds of Magellan arise on the horizon. The heaven and the earth, and everything in the equinoctial regions, assumes an exotic character."

"The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapours for some days. We saw distinctly, for the first time, the Cross of the South only in the night of the 4th and 5th of July, in the sixteenth degree of latitude; it was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds —the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightnings, reflected a silver light."

"The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the Cross, having nearly the same right ascension, it follows hence that the constellation is almost perpendicular at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Cross of the South is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly near four minutes a day,

and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend.'"—*Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent.* By ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT.

[2] "Under the torrid zone, beautiful prismatic colours appear almost every night, even at the time of the greatest droughts: often in the space of a few minutes they disappear several times, because, without doubt, the superior currents change the state of the floating vapours by which the light is refracted—the purple, orange, and violet, were distinctly perceived. The colours of the atmosphere of the tropics, enlightened by the moon, are worthy of new researches on the part of natural philosophers." — HUMBOLDT.

[3] Darwin, in his "Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the countries visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle round the World," describes a night at sea off the Pacific shore, which presented "a splendid scene of natural fireworks: the mast-head and yard-arm ends shone with St Elmo's light; the sea was highly luminous; the tracks of the penguin were marked by a fiery wake, and the sky illuminated with the most vivid lightning."

The same author mentions, that sometimes at night luminous collections of animals under the water appear like moons at the bottom.

[4] "At the entrance of the river Guayaquil is a rock called the Shrouded Corpse, from its resemblance to a corpse shrouded in the habit of a Franciscan friar. The head and body, the arms folded on the breast, and the feet, are visible at from two to five miles' distance."— *Historical and Descriptive Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America.* By W. B. STEVENSON.

[5] Cari-lemu—signifying "green bush"—is, according to Molina, a favourite name amongst the Indian women of Southern America.

[6] Amongst the Araucanian Indians, polygamy is practised; and in each house the number of fireplaces is regulated by the number of wives.—STEVENSON.

[7] "The Indians attack at break of day, when they suppose their foes to be least prepared; and, from their intimate knowledge of the country, are never seen on the march."—MIER'S *Travels in Chili.*

[8] The names of places in Araucania, where desperate battles took place between the Indians and the Spaniards.—MIERS.

[9] "When a treaty is concluded between the Araucanians and the Spaniards, the war-axe of the Indian and the baton of the Spaniard are tied together, crowned with a bunch of *canelo* or cinnamon, and placed on the field of treaty."—STEVENSON.

[10] "The ice on Chimborazo, when the rising sun first illumes it, sometimes cracks with a tremendous report."—STEVENSON.

[11] "Angels' Hair, a parasite so called, without leaves, but having long semi-transparent stalks waving from the branches of the trees like locks of golden hair."—*Journal of a Residence in Chili.* By MARIA GRAHAM.

[12] "The 'malal' is the fortified hold of every Indian tribe, formed on an eminence, the access to which is stopped by palisadoes eight or nine feet high, planted close together, with notches cut for musketry, a deep ditch in front, and precipices on every other side."—MIERS.

[13] The "corral" is a large enclosure of stakes, in which horses and cattle are kept for safety or for use.

[14] Darwin says, that "the expression of the Araucanian Indians is generally grave, and even austere, and possesses much character, whether of honest bluntness or fierce determination. The long black hair, the grave and much

lined features, and the dark complexion, called to my mind old portraits of James I. Their independence of manner, quite different from the humble politeness of some other tribes, is probably a consequence of their long wars, and the repeated victories which they alone, of all the tribes of America, have gained over the Spaniards."

[15] Molina, Stevenson, Miers, and Graham, concur in their description of the Araucanian Indians. The girls are said to be handsome, with long black hair plaited behind the head, and bound with green ribbon, to one edge of which is attached a border of hawks' bells. The hair-plait hangs down the back, and reaches below the knee. The dress is a tunic without sleeves, fastened with thorns of the Cactus, or with silver brooches. Round the waist is a girdle woven in devices of different colours, and, over all, a small cloak or mantle called "ichella." Their favourite colour is a bluish green. The head and feet are bare; but they wear a profusion of silver ornaments and glass beads. Darwin says, that they have bright black hair, high colour, brilliant eyes, beautiful legs, feet, and arms, and ankles and waists ornamented with blue beads.

[16] The Bay of Rio Janeiro is called the "hidden waters" by the Indians.

[17] *Mirasol*, "a beautiful variety of the *echites*, which turns constantly to the sun, and closes at its close."

[18] Stevenson says that the town or fort of Arauco is situated at the foot of a rocky hill, accessible only by a winding path from the inside of the walls by which the town is surrounded. On the top of the hill were four brass guns of eighteen pounds calibre, with a breastwork of stone, a large house for the soldiers, forming their barracks or guard-house, and a small watch-tower. The town is a square of about six hundred yards, and is surrounded by a wall of eighteen feet high on three sides—the hill forming the fourth; two small breastworks are raised at the corners; an arched gateway stands in the centre of the north side, with a massive wooden door, which is closed every night at eight o'clock, and opened at six in the morning. From the gateway is a street to the square or market-place, where the church is erected. There is also a convent of Franciscan friars, which was formerly a Jesuit's College. The garrison consisted of thirty privates, with the respective subaltern officers. The whole population amounts to about four hundred.

Miers tells us that Arauco lies on the sea-coast, between the rivers Bio-bio and Cauten. The Chilenos, and formerly the Spaniards, maintain on the south bank of the Bio-bio, the forts of Arauco, Colcura, and San Pedro. During the revolution, Arauco was alternately in possession of the Spaniards, the Patriots, and Benavides—a robber. To the southward of the line of forts, the Spaniards never could maintain their position.

[19] "The pulperia (drinking-house) and the chapel are

generally close together. The people run from the one to the other at the sound of the bell, to the elevation of the Host, kneel, groan, and cry to the Virgin for protection, and then return, accompanied by the priest, to drink and gamble." —MIERS.

[20] Stevenson describes the Commandant of Arauco "as a little, kiln-dried, diminutive man, about five feet six inches in height; remarkably slender, with a swarthy complexion, large Roman nose, small black eyes, projecting chin, and no teeth; his hair combed back from his forehead, powdered, and tied in a cue. He was dressed in an old tarnished gold-laced uniform of faded blue, with deep red lappels, collar, cuffs breeches, and waistcoat; blue stockings; shoes brown for want of blacking, and large square brass buckles. A toledo at his side, with broad black leather belt and brass buckle in front; cocked hat, and grave demeanour."

[21] "We observed a ragged cloud of a dark reddish-brown colour; at first we thought it smoke from some great fire, but found it a swarm of locusts, flying at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour. The main body filled the air from a height of twenty feet to that of two thousand or three thousand, and 'the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle,' or rather like a strong breeze passing through the rigging of a ship. When they alighted, they were more numerous than the leaves in the field, and made the green surface red."—DARWIN.

Miers describes them on the wing as extending over thirteen leagues in one uninterrupted body — the air filled as with falling snow, and the distant land pampas clouded by a thick haze, which obscured the horizon. Gardens destroyed; white-washed walls hidden by their swarms; curtains, clothes, furniture attacked; and at length, when everything is destroyed, they destroy one another.

[22] Darwin states that in these countries there are found embedded in the soil the remains of prodigious animals; that the streams are full of such bones, exposed by the water intersecting the sub-aqueous deposit; and refers to such names of hills as are quoted in the text, and given by the Indians, as in connection with these facts.

[23] He also mentions "the skeleton of an Indian, with the dried skin hanging on the bones, suspended to the branch of a tree."

[24] The Indians "were formed in line, with an interval of about three yards between each troop: the captain of each troop in front of its centre, and the Caciques at equal distances, in front of the whole. The Indians were naked, with the exception of the waist, to which was suspended a small triangular piece of tanned sheep-skin, ornamented on the border by a silver fringe; their long black hair, (which they wore all alike,) after coming down over the ears and forehead, was again turned upwards, wound round the head, and tied at

the extremity by a ribbon used amongst them for that purpose; their lances were about fourteen feet long, and were held perpendicular in their right hands; their horses (which were covered with many fantastic trappings) were excellent, and their line was actually the best formed I ever saw."—YATES's *Relation of Facts connected with the Family of Carreras in Chili.*

[25] "The standards of the Araucanians have a fine pointed star in the centre, generally white, in a field of bluish green."—STEVENSON.

[26] "The tract of country which may be properly called Araucania, extends from the river Bio-bio to Valdivia, and is bounded on the north by Conception, on the south by the Llanos or plains of Valdivia, on the east by the Cordilleras, and on the west by the Pacific. It is divided into four Governments—1. The maritime country. 2. The plain country. 3. The foot of the Cordilleras; and, 4. The Andes. This division existed prior to the arrival of the Spaniards. The government is aristocratical, and the dignities hereditary."—STEVENSON.

[27] "At an interview between General San Martin and the Indians, the Cacique was mounted on a white horse, which had been taught to plunge and feign to advance, whilst it scarcely moved. Fifteen minutes were consumed in traversing fifteen yards, during which time the Cacique made his harangue."—MIERS.

[28] The Araucanian wives weave these cloaks for their husbands. They are of brilliant colours, the yarn sometimes as fine as silk, and occupy two years in making.—MIERS.

[29] "Immense beds of sea-weed, growing up from the bottom of the ocean, abound in the southern seas, forming great aquatic forests."—DARWIN.

[30] "The summits of the Andes are parallel with the lower snow-line; only at intervals a group of points, or a single cone, show former or existing volcanoes, and make the range resemble a solid wall, surmounted here and there by a tower, and forming a perfect barrier to a country."—DARWIN.

[31] "The mountain, for about an eighth, is clothed in dusky wood, and above, snow to the summit, which never melts, and seems destined to last as long as the world. The outline is clear and defined. Owing to the abundance of light from the clear and glittering snow, there are no shadows on any part, and those lines alone could be distinguished which intersected the sky,—hence the mass stood out in the boldest relief. Several glaciers descended in a winding course to the sea, like frozen Niagaras; and these cataracts of blue ice are to the full as beautiful."—DARWIN.

[32] "Don Fausto reports from Quillota, that he and some friends were in the plaza, mixing with the people in the festivities of the eve of the octave of San Martin, the tutelar saint

of Quillota. The market-place was filled with booths, and bowers of myrtle and roses—under which feasting and revelry, dancing, fiddling, and masking were going on; and the whole was a scene of gay dissipation, or rather dissoluteness. The earthquake came: in an instant all was changed. Instead of the sounds of the viol and the song, there arose a cry of 'Misericordia! Misericordia!' and a beating of the breast, and a prostration of the body; and the thorns were plaited into crowns, which the sufferers pressed on their heads, till the blood streamed down their faces, the roses being now trampled under foot."—GRAHAM'S *Journal.*

[33] "On the Chilian side, where the road crosses it, the Penquenes ridge of the Andes is 13,200 feet above the level of the sea. When near the summit, the wind was impetuous and extremely cold. On each side of the ridge we had to pass over broad bands of perpetual snow. Neither plant nor bird, excepting a few condors wheeling around the higher pinnacles, distracted attention from the inanimate mass. The Pass of Portillo takes its name from a narrow cleft in the highest ridge, through which the road passes."—DARWIN.

[34] This song has been adapted from a Spanish "Triste," given in Mrs Graham's journal, and which is as follows:—

Llorad corazon, llorad,
Llorad si tienes porque,
Que no es delito in un hombre,
Llorar por una muger.

Llora este cielo sereno,
Marchitando sus colores,
La tierra llora en vapores,
L'agua que abriga en su seno,
Llora el aroyo, mas lleno,
Se espera esterilidad,
Y las flores con lealdad
Le lloren de varios modos
Pues ahora que lloren todos.
Llorad corazon, llorad.

Llora el prado a quien destine,
El cielo una esteril suerte,
El arbol mas duro vierte,
Sus lagrimas en racine.
Llora pues se se examina,
Todo insensible que ve,
Una mal pagada fe,
Y si lo insensible llora,
Llorad corazon ahora.
Llorad que tienes porque.

Llora l'ave su huerfandad,
Mirando a su dueño ausente,
El jirguerillo inocente,
Llora su cautividad.
El pesco llora limpidad,
D'el que le prende, y el hombre,
Llore porque, mas tu asombres,
Pues en estremo tan raro,
No es culpo en ellos es claro,
Que no es delito in un hombre.

Llora el bruto y no es dudable,
Que llora pues es pasible,
Quando sente lo insensible,
Y llora aun lo vegetable,

Llora todo lo animable.
Porque puede padecer,
Y se el hombre ha de tener,
Sentido mas exquisito,
Como sera en el delito
Llorar por una muger.

[35] "In the valleys there were several broad fields of perpetual snow: these, in thawing, had in some parts been converted into pinnacles or columns, high and close together, so as to be difficult for the cargo mules to pass; on one of these columns of ice a frozen horse was sticking as on a pedestal." —DARWIN.

[36] "A bill of costs was presented, by order of his Excellency General San Martin, to Don Ignacio Carrera, in which he was charged with all the expenses arising to the State from the execution of his sons—viz., gaoler's fees, plank and nails used in the seat on which they were shot, cordage (with which they were not tied) powder, ball, &c. The aged and unfortunate father, whose property had been already confiscated, except a small allowance, discharged this unheard-of species of debt, and expired in a few days after."—YATES.

[37] The Charon of the Araucanians is a female.—STEVENSON.

THE END

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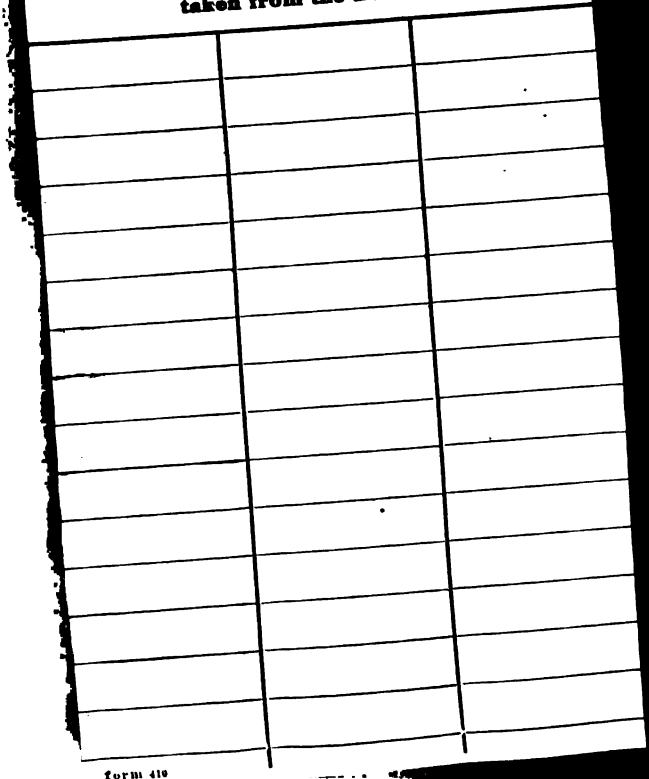

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